

As often as we cate. By th' Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Ans. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke, nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Ans. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my journey.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicinius. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicinius. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicinius. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th' right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpees are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour survey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouera brace of vndermeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicinius. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of laying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vpon, to triuall motion: One, that conuerfes more with the Buttocks of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgusses*), if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Affe in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspicuities gleane out of this Character, if I be knowne wellemough too.

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betwene an Orendge wife, and a Forre-feller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betwene party and party, if you chauce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummings, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismissthe the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Benchman in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stufte a Butchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle: yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Dencalion*, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersion would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brut. and Sic.

Aside.

Enter

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were thee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Men. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of seuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperick quitique; and to this Preferuatiue, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Men. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Men. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold what's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's see. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Men. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. It's Shoulder, and it's left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: hee receiued in the repulse of *Tarquin* seuen hurts it's Body.

Men. One it's Neck, and two it's Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie fine Wounds vpon him.

Men. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A shout, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of *Martius*:

Before him, hee carries Noyse;

And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: betwene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*: These in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Kneels.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp: My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*, And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd, What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, haile: Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep't to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were, And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Men. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall, And y're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weepe, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

A Curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:

Yet by the faith of men, we haue

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Rallish.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herald. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,

The good Patricians must be visited,

From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,

To see inherited my very Wishes,

And the Buildings of my Fancie:

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will cast vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their seruant in my way,

Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flourish. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter